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BATTERY BALLADS

Battery E
145th Field Artillery
(1st Utah)

CAMP KEARNY, CALIF.

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by
Wallace B. Kelly
Camp Kearny, Cal.

Battery Ballads

Battery E, 145th Field Artillery
(1ST UTAH)
Camp Kearny, Cal.

Compiled by
Sergeant W. B. Kelly
and
Corporal G. P. Childs

1918

Dedication

This book is respectfully dedicated to Wagoner Eugene Slusser by his comrades of Battery E, in honor of his departure from the Battery and to his memory.

APR 15 1918

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Foreword

This book is compiled from a number of original poems written by the members and ex-members of Battery E, 145th F. A. They were written and read by their authors on the eve of the departure of Wagoner Eugene Slusser, who left the Battery because of defective hearing.

The poems show a decided trend toward originality and in many cases are feeble utterances from the depths of the hearts of Wagoner Slusser's comrades.

COMPILERS.

History of Battery E

But a few days following the declaration of war with Germany, E Battery of the 145th Artillery (Utah), began its existence. Through the efforts of Former-Senator Thomas Kearns, Colonel John C. Waterman, inspector-instructor of the western department and other men high in military circles in Utah at the time, the organization was founded. It owes its origination to these men. The battery is formed almost entirely of college students and young business men from the Beehive State and when the call was sent out for recruits to fill its ranks the flower of young manhood immediately responded. Within a few days the organization was completed and a list of men waiting anxiously for a vacancy to occur that they might be included upon its roster.

It was the original idea of Senator Kearns and others who were interested in its foundation to form a machine gun company of volunteers and present the organization to the National Guard of Utah. The plans were turned over to Lieutenant Aaron Hardy and he immediately started recruiting. The success of filling the ranks so quickly with the best of Utah manhood is due in a large way to Thomas F. Kearns, Jr., Raymond C. Taylor, J. Charles Conlon, Hebe B. Young and other young men who worked untiringly in recruiting.

It was later found that a machine gun company could not be utilized by the National Guard of Utah which had recently been reorganized into an artillery

regiment and the plans for the machine gun company were changed and turned into a battery of artillery. The organization was then presented, designated as E Battery and placed in command of Captain Fred T. Gundry. Within a few days, however, Captain Gundry was chosen as regimental adjutant and Captain Alex. R. Thomas given command.

The members were mustered into federal service with other organizations of the regiment on August 5, 1917, at the Pierpont Street Armory in Salt Lake City and moved to Fort Douglas where a camp was established, under command of Colonel Richard W. Young. Here they learned their first lessons as soldiers and October 10 left Salt Lake bound for Camp Kearny, Cal., to undergo intensive instruction in preparation for overseas service. While here, Captain Thomas was promoted to major and Captain A. A. Meyers given command .

At this date—March 25, 1918—fully trained and anxiously awaiting the call to aid in pushing the Stars and Stripes into the heart of Berlin the members of E Battery are probably on the eve of leaving for the European battlefields. The eyes of the State of Utah will be turned upon the flower of Utah manhood in the next few months when they line up against the Kaisers' millions to do their part in making democracy safe within the world.

ROSTER OF BATTERY E.

Commissioned Officers

Captain— A. A. Meyers

First Lieutenant—
M. L. Young
First Lieutenant—
Theodore Peterson
Second Lieutenant—
Edgar Johnston
Second Lieutenant—
Norman Salisbury
First Sergeant—
J. E. Mulvey
Supply Sergeant—
Wayne Corbis

Sergeants

Pearson, Wm.
Richins, Arnold
Snow, E. P.
Timpson, Lawrence
Bloomquist, A. E.
Randall, Leslie
Kelly, Wallace B.
Mulvey, Frank E.
Howard, William F.

Corporals

Dahlquist, Scott A.
Willey, T. A.
Childs, G. P.
Ferguson, F.
Latimer, Wm.
Mays, Harold R.
O'Brien, Wm. S.
Whitney, Chauncey
Willey, Price
Caird, Chauncey
Childs, S. N.
Taylor, Ray
Blackhurst, Hyrum
Elwood, E. A.
Hainey, Frank
Manes, L. A.
Evans, Sidney
Taylor, F. D.
Whitney, W. W.
Winter, Alex.
Young, S. D.

Cooks

Schuring, H. R.
Anderson, Geo. R.
Call, David
Parr, J. L.
Bamgerter, E.
Bryson, Conway

Mechanics

Chief—
Fred L. Rampton
Chief—
Royal Howe
Watkins, Richard
Osborne, Frank
Bowman, Robert
Kirton, Jos. M.
Saddler—
Brewer, A. A.
Asst. Saddler—
Farber, Harry

Wagoners

Beatie, Nelson R.
Card, Earl F.
Cammeron, L. P.
Decker, Mortimer
Geoghegan, John
Gumbman, Emil
Hinckley, H. C.
Houdyshell, Wm. M.
Peterson, Andrew M.
Rasmussen, H. J.
Stauffer, H.
Young, Dale
Bruce, J. A.

Buglers

Wright, A. A.
Paxman, Samuel
Miller, L. L.
Tucker, Stephen

Privates—First Class

Ahrens, Walter Q.
Ament, Vernon J.
Anderson, C. R.
Baird, Samuel
Brinton, Donal
Burke, Morris
Burnham, Elmer
Birmingham, C.
Candland, A. L.
Cope, Wm.
Child, H. L.
Conlon, J. C.
Cowley, Murray
Dunbar, Hugh
Emery, H.
Folkerson, G. W.
Frank, F.
Fox, George R.
Garrett, A. T.
Garrett, Chas. R.
Haeckel, N. J.
Hanson, R.
Harper, R. J.
Hatch, H. J.
Heath, George
Heilbut, P. S.
Hepworth, R.
Jones, F. P.
Kimball, C.
La Force, Thamer
Lee, Edmund
Lewis, E. H.
Newman, J. L.
Paul, A. H.
Powell, R.
Petty, G. G.
Richardson, N.
Roberts, L. M.
Rowland, M.
Smith, J. C.
Smith, W. E.
Stephens, V.
Vincent, Geo. H.
Williams, V.
Young, H. B.
Young, L. H.
Young, Henry

Privates

Ahlander, Einer
Alder, Paul
Anderson, D. H.
Barlow, LaMar
Barnes, Horace
Barr, Elree
Baughman, C. I.
Berry, Leland A.
Boozalis, J. P.
Briggs, Fred. G.
Browne, A. L.
Buch, Leo
Brown, H. K.
Bills, M.
Brown, G. G.
Davidson, Geo. A.
Davies, Garfield
Day, Leonard
Debenham, H. L.
Duncan, Fred. J.
Elton, A.
Hicks, Harrington
Huston, H. D.
Jacobson, Claude
Jensen, R.
Jones, George
Jeppson, J. E.
Johanson, Julius
Jones, H. D.
King, Lorenzo
Larson, Jos.
Lewis, A. V.
Lewis, J. D.
Luff, Paul
Miller, A. R.
Morris, R. P.
Meilstrup, J. D.
McMillan, Robt.
Nelson, C. L.
Nelson, J. H.
Neilson, Wilford
Newton, Clifford
Newton, Norman
Osquthorpe, Jos.
Parham, L. S.
Parkins, Lewis

Parks, Stanzius
Phillips, A. W.
Perry, M. D.
Palmer, J. P.
Robinson, A. G.
Reeves, D. F.
Richins, J. E.
Richardson, Wallace
Sleater, J. F.
Stewart, R. D.
Stteed, Rulon
Swenson, W. E.
Turkelson, H.
Thomas, Steele
West, A. C.
Wright, P. G.
Winters, L. G.
Young, L. D.

Transferred and Promoted

Major A. R. Thomas
First Lieut. William Campbell
First Lieut. Geo. R. Barron
First Lieut. Charles Woodruff
First Lieut. Ray A. Young
Second Lieut. E. W. Rand
Second Lieut. H. Jennings
Second Lieut. M. P. Mulvey
Second Lieut. Earl Evans
Sgt. Major Andrew Gorey

Transferred

Sgt. L. H. Evans
Sgt. Tom Kearns
Sgt. Sep. Shepherd
Sgt. Lund
Sgt. Tannenbaum
Sgt. Bowen
Sgt. Shepherd
Corp. K. Clawson
Corp. E. T. Mulvey
Corp. J. C. Evans
Corp. J. B. Smith
Corp. Horigan
Pvt. Fischer
Pvt. Nelson, T.
Pvt. Mullett, F.
Pvt. Miles, E.
Pvt. Sauter, F.
Pvt. Ryan, Al.
Pvt. Lewis
Pvt. Emery, M. P.
Pvt. Squires, L.
Pvt. Anderson, G. W.
Pvt. Mildenhall
Pvt. Cofferal
Pvt. Nelson, C.
Pvt. Rich, Don
Pvt. Clawson, H.
Pvt. Chandler, F.

Discharged

Wagoner Slusser, Eugene
Pvt. Barnes, Cleve.
Pvt. Sessions, Robt.
Pvt. Young, Murray
Pvt. Pils, Leopold
Pvt. Spence, Ben.
Pvt. Taylor, R. M.
Pvt. Grow, Melvin
Pvt. Armstrong, Lee

Deceased

Kupfer, Ted

Poems

"TIM"

(A tribute to F. A. Timmerman, Salt Lake Tribune war correspondent, by Corp. William O'Brien)

Here's to Tim,
To Press Agent Tim—
What would E Battery be
Without him—
Camera toting,
Private promoting,
Bath room rumor floating—
Salt Lake Trib Tim?

For we're smeared with gobs of glory
Every time Tim writes a story
And the folks back home feel sorry
For the Deutsch who know us not;
When we get there they'll feel certain
'Twill be time to drop the curtain.
With disaster "Bill" is flirtin',
He'll be kicked all o'er the lot.

Supreme B. S. maker—
Sublime nature faker—
Exalted hop taker—
Salt Lake Trib Tim.

By Bill O'Brien.

REVEILLE

There's a call that breaks forth in the
morning,
A call that even Slusser obeys,
And one that brings him forth unwilling
From his paradise of Hay.

It not only brings an end to his slumber,
For its shriek has a terrible pang,
It brings an end to his dreams
Of the dreams he alone understands.

He may have been back in the old town
With those whom he used to call pals,
And perhaps his pockets did jingle
And he was out with the pretty gals.

He may have been with his sweetheart
In a place held sacred by both,
For it was there that he caressed her
Before the day he took his oath.

Perchance he was returning with his bat-
tery,
Marching down Zion's thoroughfare;
On his heaving chest there hung a medal
And, oh, how the crowds did cheer.

Then out shrieks that call, the call of hell,
And his paradise is brought to an end,
And he thinks to himself of a saying true,
"Oh death, where is thy sting?"

But now, Gene, old boy, the days are
numbered
When you need have no fear of the call,
For on the morrow we bid you farewell,
Gene—
Alec, E Battery and All.

Pvt. Geo. Vincent.

HEADQUARTERS HASH

Here's to Headquarters and the Sacred Cow—
All day long a continual howl.
First it's "Headquarters all out" and "Band fall in"—
The way they treat us is certainly a sin.

Mr. Kammerad, the Paperhanging King,
The Camouflage Officer
With the Manti Ring,
And C. J. Hawkins, who never misses a cue,
Certainly raises hell with the boys' Fat-i-gue.

If you poor ill-fed babies of Battery E
Could only change places one day with me
You surely would be glad to get back home once more,
After eating those stews of the Headquarters store.

Hash for breakfast, stew for lunch,
More stew for supper time,
Three times a day, six days a week,
That's just the way we dine.
So remember this, thou well-fed crew:
Don't transfer here if you can't eat stew.

Corp. Emmett Mulvey.

THE STABLES

An Ode to the Horses—How We Hate 'Em

'Twas one night at retreat,
And the gang all had their treat
And the Boys were glad—yes, Very Glad.
Sergeant Jack saw me there
And his words were of despair
And he made me sad—yes, very sad.

In a voice which was gruff,
And I knew 'twas not a bluff,
He said, "That detail needs more
Exercise.
To the stables you will go,
And the horses you will tow
To the water every morning at Sunrise."

To my tent then I went
And a weary night I spent,
Thinking of my duties getting odder.
There was Scotty, Neat and Naughty
Who could feed the horses fodder,
And in hunting high and low,
In the bath room found Philo,
And I put him mixing bran
To feed our friend, "Bucking Sam."
To this he put his strength,
And it stretched him out full length
On a wagon with music very slow—yes,
Very Slow!

Goodbye to dear old G. P.
He was there at each entreaty
In the early days of yore,
But ere the morning came
I could see the Cutter's game,
For at Philo he was sore—yes, Very Sore.
My soldier's self was better,
And I kept myself in fetter,
And when our duty new began,

Instead of Scotty (who was neat
But very naughty) feeding fodder
As before, and Philo mixing bran,
I will close my eyes in Slumber
And my dreams of "sawing lumber"
Will tell him of my worry—yes, my
Worry, nothing more.

Sgt. W. B. Kelly.

A MIGHTY GOOD MAN

Here's to Gene Slusser,
Who is a mighty good man,
Who has a black mustache,
And his complexion is tan.
Gene, we will miss you
When you leave us tomorrow,
And all of our hearts will be filled with
sorrow.
But never mind, Gene, you tried your
best,
And we know you would fight the same
as the rest;
So cheer up, old boy, and do your part
at home,
For leave it to me, I'll bring back the
Kaiser's dome.

Abie Burke.

RUMORS

(Apologies to the author)

Say, son, I said to my bunkie
As I noticed the frown on his face,
You're looking all in, you're worried,
you're thin;
Can't you stand the gaff or the pace?

Oh Gee! he sighed, and he grunted,
I just took a walk through the camp;
The rumors I've heard and the reports
quite absurd
Have given me chills and the cramps:
"We leave for Russia tomorrow;
In Italy soon we will be;
In a month we will be helping England
To fight and drink up her tea;
Two suits of O.D.'s are coming,
With side arms and motor bikes, too,
And wrist clocks for each buck private;
Wait a minute, I am not half through—
Tobacco will be furnished gratis
By a banker with money galore,
And each man in camp gets a five-buck
raise—"
I turned and I dashed for the door;
Poor bunkie, the rumors had crazed him;
If I stayed they'd be sure getting me,
But the last one I heard was surely a
bird—
Each non-com must serve on K. P.

Wagoner Hinckley.

A FAREWELL TO MY OLD WAGONER

Gene, old boy, you must leave us,
  Our paths they now divide.
So we must say farewell to you,
  But our gloom we cannot hide.
We are losing a true and loyal friend,
  Who was ready and willing to fight,
But who, through not a fault of his own,
  Must leave the bunch tonight.

When the whole world stood in danger
  Of a ruthless tyrant's might,
Men rushed to arms with lusty cheers,
  To battle for the right.
Gene Slusser was no slacker,
  His hand was held up high,
To strike a blow for freedom
  He would gladly fight or die.

We know it is not cowardice
  That sends him from our band;
We know he joined to do his bit
  In a foreign, war-torn land.
We lose a trusted, time-tried friend,
  But happy may he be,
May success be his at every turn,
  Is the wish of Battery "E."

Sergeant A. C. Richins.

BURDENED WITH SORROW

Slusser, we're burdened with sorrow
To learn that you leave us tomorrow,
  But nevertheless,
  You're happy, I guess;
Di de de, di de de, te de dorrow.

Salina Pete.

WISH THAT I WERE YOU

I hate to see you leave, old friend,
It makes me kinda blue.
This damned old war will never end,
So wish that I were you.

You'll soon be up in Frisco town,
Dressed in a swell new suit;
Drinking all good liquor down,
Oh, root te de root, te de toot.

And while we are over in France, Old Sluss,
We will think of you every day
And wish to hell that all of us
Were with you near old Frisco Bay.

Wagoner Andrew Peterson.

GOOD-BYE TO THE THREE-INCH PIECE

Say, old gun, I hate to lose you,
You're a fighter, through and through;
And if we go into battle,
I would like to go with you.
But they say the 4.7
Will replace you in our park,
Tho I'd gladly trade its thunder
For the echo of your bark.

Yes, it's soon "good-bye," old warrior,
Orders have to be obeyed,
For we're soldiers, it's our duty,
It's the way the game is played.
But the lesson you have taught us
We will practice on the Hun
And we'll send the first shell over
For our good old Three-inch Gun.

Gunner "Bill" O'Brien.

GAS

I am sitting in the mess hall tonight,
And, as usual, can't think what to write.
But all of a sudden, an idea, alas,
I've been to instruction, all about "Gass."
It's mighty funny, this Chlorine,
And its action on man is very mean.
A couple of whiffs get in your snout,
Then a couple of huskies carry you out.
And the Lachrymatory Gas makes you cry,
Because it acts directly on the eye.
Phosgene Gas is called "delayed,"
Because when its function it has played
Into the lungs it has found its way,
And you can bet it's there to stay.
One attacked with this Gas soon
Knows that he has met his doom.
But with this little rubber mask,
Which, to make was quite a task,
And which has withstood a very hard test,
Has turned out to be the very best.
So with this mask it will be fun
To down the "Kaiser" and the Hun.

"Kete" Candland.

OUR SAD FAREWELL

He has only been with us for six months' time,
But that was sufficient to find he was prime;
And now in saying our sad farewell
We wish him luck till we all meet in h—l.

Chief Mechanic Howe.

(Ed. Note. Mechanics as a rule are not poets.)

PATRIOTISM

'Twas upon a midnight dreary,
When of smoking I had wearied
And my thoughts were idly basking
'Pon the life at Kearny by the Sea,
When I thought of all the movies
Which portrayed the silken boobies
Like Soldier Lads, just the same as you and me.
We like poor, senseless creatures,
Care not for our sunburnt features
When we let the doorman meet us with a sneer.
He knows us well—yes, too well;
For our breeches and our blouses seem to tell.
We are picked at once for suckers,
And are known as old trench muckers
To the Public of San Diego Vill.

Each palpitating glutton
Was as shiny as a button;
And the cost was far above him,
And the wise guy whispered never more.
And as home again we wander
With our money spent in squander,
With the vows of all good soldiers
When our little dream is o'er;
Now when to bed I roll and the blankets they are cold
And my heart is very sore, yes, very sore,
My hatred turns toward places
That would eat the horses' traces.
And we stop and figure upon the bath-room floor,
For when I think of eats my pulse it jumps four beats,
And like the raven in the story,
Softly murmur never more.

Sergeant W. B. Kelly.

KEEP IT DARK

I know a guy who knows a bird
That one dark night in a cafe heard
A waiter whisper to a gink
That he heard a Chaplain, full of drink,
Say to a Colonel cleaning his boot
That a cannoneer with a turned-up snoot,
While orderly for a Corporal, said
To the General who made his bed
That a Second "Louie" of Battery G
Said to a Sarg, with housemaid's knee,
Of a Major, who told as he borrowed a chew
Of a great K. P., who had the dope
From a guy that stole poor Routestep's soap,
That a Captain said to an N. C. O.,
As he asked him for a week's furlough,
That the Camouflage artist who pressed his pants
Knew just when the Battery leaves for France.

Gunner "Bill" O'Brien.

GOOD OLD SLUSS

Good old Sluss, the boys, they say,
Leaves us tomorrow, but I say Nay,
For he always will be with us in thought
After bloody battles in France are fought.
And when we return from o'er the deep blue
And grasp the hands of the fellows we knew,
Do society, and make a big fuss,
We all will inquire, Where is old Sluss?

Sergeant Randall.

QUARANTINE

In these days of censorship
Mum's the word on every lip;
Careful with this news to-wit:
They say Kaiser Bill has quit.

Secrecy and camouflage,
Mystery and other dodge
Guard it well, this newsy bit:
Hark, Old Bill, the Kaiser's quit.

For Bill, you know, so very fair,
Tho raven black his homely hair,
Was deadly under his blue face;
He swore extinction of a race,
He hated the Allies with a lasting hate;
Oh, pity the boys if he were fate.

Day by day Old Bill would train
To learn how best to smash a brain,
Night after night he'd tear his hair,
Thinking some Allies might be there.
He jabbed, he parried, he gas attacked
Till he thought they had their nuts all cracked,
And if ferocious words could kill
The Allies here would end Kaiser Bill.

But the Allies they came and sawed him up,
They fed his eyes to a yellow pup.
And, when fatigued with their work of fright,
They would grease their hate till late at night.

The Germans here, will let me say,
Tremble in fear of the dreadful day
When Battery E the terrible goes across;
Think of their joy if they knew our loss.

So mum's the word on every lip,
Guard it well, don't let it slip.
How happy the Huns if they knew this bit;
How sad we are Kaiser Bill has quit.

A. H. Paul.

GENE

Goodbye, Gene, goodbye;
The time has come to part.
We go to France to do or die,
But we leave you, Gene, so true of heart.

Oh, how you were liked, Gene,
And we'll miss your cheerful way;
We'll think of you a lot, Gene,
At the close of every day.

We know you did your best, Gene,
We know you're brave and true
As any man in this country
Who fought for the Red, White and Blue.

We're all to meet again, Gene,
When we've helped to win the fray;
So don't forget us boys, Gene,
For we'll meet on a brighter day.

Wag. Geoghegan.

TO MARY—ROSE OF THE WOOD

(Out of the deep regard each soldier holds for the sweetheart of his fellow soldier, this tribute from Corporal Elwood to the pilot star of Slusser's lonesome life.)

Sweeter than the sweet roses
As they linger in the garden fair,
When under artful noses
You send your glances rare.
Fairer than the fairest,
Cuter than the cutest,
Rarer than the rarest.

Supreme among the rose you reign,
Thou Flower Lady of my song;
Without blemish, without stain,
Alone you stand above the wrong.

Pretty wild rose of the wood,
The majestic queen of the spring,
Oft by your side I stood,
Listing while the angels sing.
Prettier than the prettiest,
Sweeter than the sweetest,
Purer than the purest.

O, rose so fair, farewell to thee,
Hark, hear my country calling.
One fond embrace, my rose Marie,
Hark, hear the footsteps falling.

Corporal Elwood.

LITTLE DEAR

Sluss, old boy, we hate to lose you,
For we know you'll miss some fun
While we hunt old Fritz, the Kaiser,
And the dirty German Hun.

We're sorry you're not going with us
To do battle with the host,
For when Fritz sees us coming
He will sure give up the ghost.

Corporal "As You Were" Latimer.

COO-KOO

"Oh, I love to go on K. P.,"
Said the soldier to his mate,
"And I like to clean the bathroom,
And I think fatigue is great.
And I dote on building sidewalks,
Or digging the old gun pit;
And the cleanup for inspection
Makes with me an awful hit."

So they gave him an M. D.
And they placed him in a home
Where they keep such raving lunatics
And never let them roam,
For the soldier lad that loves to work
Is balmy in the dome.

Gunner "Bill" O'Brien.

THE BASE HOSPITAL

It was in Medical Six
I found myself in a fix.
They put me in bed
With some ice on my head,
And a temperature of one-0-six.

The very next day,
As on my back I lay,
The Doctor came to me.
"Count one, two, three
And take a deep breath," sez he.

I did the first and then I cursed
As a breath I tried to draw.
"Don't hold it," he said;
And something broke loose in my head.

The devil's tatoo he played,
And on my poor back, I'm afraid,
He found many places
In which there were traces
Of lobar pneumonia, be Jasus.

At night it was fierce;
The pains they would pierce
My sides, my chest and my lungs.
Someone would moan and then I would
groan,
"Oh, why did I ever leave home?"

After two weeks on water
I told them they oughter
Give me something a little bit thicker.
So I had some eggs and I had some toast;
The eggs, I believe, I hated the most.

After thirty long days,
To my great amaze,
They told me to get up and walk.

But to my disgust, I find I can't trust
Those jelly bones I used to call legs.
So here I will stay,
How long I can't say;
But this I certainly know,
When I get out with a song and a shout
On a thirty-day furlough I'll go.

So here's to the doctor,
A very fine fellow;
And here's to the nurses (they save a lot of curses)
And help a fellow pull through.
And here's to the orderly, too;
He helps you feel happy, an awfully good chappie,
With nothing at all to do.

P. S. Heilbut.

A SOLDIER'S SOLILOQUY

The day was long and hot and dreary,
The dust rose up and the sun made one weary,
The O. D.'s clung like a mourner's pall
And at every step the sweat drops fell.
Tell me not to drill by numbers.
For the soldier's dead that slumbers
And the glory's not what we dreamed.
The Army's real, the Army's earnest,
But from dust thou goest, and to dust returneth,
That you perish from this earth.

Corporal L. A. Manes.

THEY'RE BORN, NOT MADE

(We agree with Scotty, and also have a hunch that Scotty's folks intended him for the ministry or something—anything but a poet.)

Poets are born, not made,
So to try my hand I was afraid.
But to sing the praises of a fellow soldier
Made me feel considerable bolder.

It was back in the balmy days of '17,
When to each other we strangers did seem;
But it only required an hour to know
That we'd all be together for the rest of the show.

It was August the fifth, at nine in the morn,
When into the federal service we were sworn.
Among the good men who were first to appear
Was old Gene Slusser, who then could hear.
After a week of drill at the park
We went to Fort Douglas, we thought for a lark.
It was thought to Kearny we soon would go,
But we soon learned our going was slow.

Finally, however, our departure was announced,
So we thought we would soon have the Germans trounced.
But, alas, it was only a dream or a rumor,
Or else we would have left here sooner.

But when we got to Camp Kearny fair
We all let out a cry of despair,
For old Gene Slusser got a bad ear,
And now his day of discharge is here.

Corporal Scott Dalquist.

THE DAWN OF DAY

(Don't know about that dawn of day stuff,
"Piggy"—you'd best stick to the piano)

The boy is leaving tomorrow
And we sure hate to see him go;
We feel for him and his sorrow
When we leave to meet the foe.

He was sure enough a good fellow,
His ways were so cheerful and gay,
And his wit was carefree and mellow
Like the east at the dawn of day.

And when this old war is over
The boys will come marching home;
We'll see you amidst flowers and clover
And joy will come out of the gloom.

Private W. E. Smith.

Many men leave for home on account of S. C. D.'s and the above is a feeble effort of a soldier lad to picture their sorrow in leaving.—Compilers.

BACK TO THE LAND OF MEMORY

So you're going away tomorrow, Sluss,
Away from Battery E;
Away from the army and all of us
To the land of Memory—
The dreamy land of memory,
The sweet sad land of memory,
The far-away land of memory—
With thoughts of Battery E.

Ah, you'll think of us, Sluss,
And we'll think of you
When you're gone from Battery E,
And we'll often wonder what you'll do,
In the land of Memory—
The fanciful land of memory,
The heart throb land of memory,
The Look-back land of memory—
When you're thinking of Battery E.

In the years to come, when the war is won
And there is no more Battery E,
We'll tell of you to our favorite sons
In that land of Memory—
The beautiful land of memory,
The recalling land of memory,
The hoped-for land of memory—
Where we talk of Battery E.

Private A. Paul.

S. O. S.
(Same Old Stuff)

Listen, Jack, why always pick on me?
Wednesday all day I did K. P.
Twelve hours diving pearls over a sink—
That's a swell holiday, I don't think.

Guard I walked over Saturday and Sunday,
I wonder why I never pick a Monday.
For the Supes and the Corps. it's just a bluff,
But for me on a post I'll say it's tough.

Wednesday, the old dividend the army declared,
To be brief, my time with the horses I shared;
Some lost to chance, some to the ladies fair.
These ain't my lines, but maybe I'd like to be there.

This has happened for quite a while;
And Jack, I know it ain't my style;
I'm not quitter, you know well;
But if you don't lay off, I'm going to raise h—l.
(Contributed to Slusser's Farewell Poem Bee by Mr. and Mrs. Frank's oldest and brightest, Fredrick Ellsworth. The veterans will remember him better as "The Gump.")

THAT MAN, THE KAISER

It was in the month of April,
When life was well worth living,
But France was in the conflict
And her life's blood she was giving.
America will never forget
The debt to France she owes
And offered all her resources
To down her treacherous foes.

'Twas then we all enlisted
To aid this noble cause
And bring the man to censor
That regarded no man's laws,
For he with only victory in view
Had set the world aflame
And thought that he could master all
And make the world his claim.

It was then the President ordered
"Ten million men by spring."
The words were as a trumpet's blast,
The very air did ring.
Ten million men we should have had,
Two million men we've got,
Ten million men were possible,
The rest was Tommyrot.

Then we were ordered to the Narrows,
Thence Ft. Douglas on the Hill.
There we spent two months of torture,
Grooming horses and foot drill;
Already we were weary of the strenuous
army stuff,
And we cussed the Kaiser daily,
Yet prepared to meet his bluff.

Then we journeyed to Camp Kearny
And have been here ever since;
Still we hope to get the Kaiser
And his oldest son, the Prince;
All we ask is that the country
Send us over right away,
That we may join our allies,
And make the Kaiser pay.

H. B. Young.

THE GALLANT THIRD

We went to this war in a body,
The finest the land had to give,
And were all placed as one in a section
To learn this great game and live.

Some of us came from the fussers,
Others from out of deep mines,
And even the pool hall and schoolroom
Contributed their best to the line.

But we all work as one when together,
And thus help the great cause along,
And thought to continue forever,
But fate put a stop to our song.

So before we are broken and scattered,
I wish to prepare a good toast
To the best bunch of fellows together,
Whose memory is now but a ghost.

Corporal C. B. Whitney.

THE FIRST SERGEANT

I hear the boys of Battery E
Are going to have a oem bee.
This bit of news I overheard
From a buck private of the Gallant 3rd,
I know my name will be mentioned often,
And the things they'll say will sure be rotten;
I'll be called everything under the sun,
But what care I when it's all in fun.

The boys will kick at stables and guard,
We all have to do it, no matter how hard;
K.P., of course, each man in his turn,
And if you're green, of Bill Pearson you'll learn.
I would not like to see in black and white
What some of the boys call me each night;
I've heard some phrases uttered around here
That, honest, I wouldn't let the Devil hear.

You get called things at Reveille, you get it at Retreat,
You get them at the first call and some are hard to beat;
If you are looking for a detail, everyone will duck,
And if you say, "Slusser, fall out," you sure are out of luck,
For Slusser, he will beat it and to the rear will go,
And the next time you will see him will be at the K. C. show.
It is not only Slusser, the majority are the same,

And if you have to punish them, they never are to blame.

The Corporal told me so and so, the Sergeant he said this,
And of all the excuses, it sure keeps you amiss.
And then they often wonder why you are so hard-boiled,
When they know you are ridden by the Captain for something they have spoiled.
If they would try and help you, and do as they are told,
And every man at his job, and every one take hold,
How much nicer we would get along—the kicking it would go,
Everything would run smoothly, and this fact we all know.

So let's try and get together and do our level best,
To tary and help the poor Top Kick, for his job has no rest;
And when the judgment day has come, and each man answers here,
And when the last roll call is heard, no man need ever fear
When called to answer for his sins, committed ere he croaked,
He can speak up with a kindling eye, "I helped the old 'Top Soak.'"

By First Sergeant "Jack" Mulvey, Battery "E"

HERE'S ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD

(A tribute to 'Gene on his departure from "E")

I hear you are leaving tomorrow?
Well, Old Boy, I wish you luck.
If old "E" loses many more like you
I'm afraid she will be stuck.

I know I'd hate to leave this bunch,
Though I've often raved and pouted
I want to go home—but home with the bunch,
And after the Huns are routed.

I'll bet you feel the same way, Jazz,
And you hate like sin to leave,
But have a heart, Old Scout, cheer up,
For there's more than you will grieve.

Why, the gang will every one miss you,
From the Skipper down to the "Buck,"
And they'll all have but a single thought,
And that's to wish you luck.

And there's one thing more before you go:
Remember now you're a "cit"
And it's up to you, if you feel that way,
You've a perfect right to get lit.

And you remember the battery drinking team—
You held a commission, I think—
And you know through six horrible months of drouth
Not a one of them got a drink.

But now it seems you're the lucky one,
And you go where there's plenty of beer;
So we're all serene, for we know you're the man
That will keep the team's name clear.

But don't forget when you're hoisting
And the spirits flow fast and free,
Just wrap yourself around an extra one
And drink it for "E" and me.

And after the horn is all mended
And you're ready again to enlist,
You've got to get back to Battery "E"—
That's one thing on which we insist.

You've waited too long for the discharge
And the old ear has been giving you hell,
But go grab for yourself a good specialist
And it's a cinch you will soon be well.

We all know it's the ear that's taking
you off,
And when tomorrow's flag's unfurled
Pin the ears 'way back and listen to this:
Here's all the luck in the world.

By Corporal J. C. Conlon.

EAGER "FOR FAIR

First to enlist, Uncle Sam to assist
In putting things straight o'er the sea,
"Were those men that you saw, with the
brave First Utah,"
Those men forming Battery E;
Eager for fair to be shipped over there
And help bring this strife to an end,
Then as Battery E to come back o'er the
sea,
Is their fondest hope, I'll contend.

Sergeant Lawrence Timpson.

SLACKER—THINK IT OVER

Slacker, you sit in your easy chair,
Thanking the Lord you are not over there
Where the cannon roar and the brave men
die,
And dying, perhaps unburied lie.

You may have purchased a bond or two
And imagined that is enough to do,
But some day, after the war is done,
And victory by the brave is won,

You'll see men sneer as they pass you by
And you'll wish you had not been afraid
to die;
For what is the life of a coward worth
When he hasn't a friend on the lonely
earth?

But the world may consent to forget some
day,
And when it has done so, what will you say
To the grandson sitting upon your knee
As he shows you his book, saying: "Grand-
pa, see!
Here is where, in the great world war,
We lost a thousand men or more"?

And when he turns and looks up at you,
Saying: "Tell me, Grandpa, what did you
do?"
Slacker, you'll sit in your big arm chair
Wishing that you had been over there,
And you'd give your life for the right to
say:
"I fought for God and the U. S. A."

Cook Fred Sauter,

(With apologies to Palmer Kiser, 332nd
Infantry, Camp Kearny.)

THE GAS AND THE MASK

We were hanging around in the bathhouse
At the end of a weary day,
And most of the boys were peevish,
In fact they were all that way.

The reason it was easy enough to be seen
And no one needed to ask,
For we all knew that the boys had been
wrestling.
All day with that tricky mask.

It seems to me that once I read
Of the doing away of Gas,
But it seems old Bill of "Kultur" fame
Has brought it again to pass.

And as a result of his treacherous work
Today was spent in a trench,
And after a lecture on gases and things,
They loosed a horrible stench.

'Twas for instruction's sake, they said,
And I guess they were right,
But all it did for me was to skin my face,
For my mask was too damned tight.

I stood right up with the best of them
And the tears rolled down my cheek,
But I donned my mask and said a prayer
That the old bag wouldn't leak.

And after all, there's one more thing,
A question I'd like to ask
From someone who knows, which is the
worst—
The gas itself or the mask?

Corporal J. C. Conlon.

A SOLDIER'S REVERIE

When memory keeps me company and
moves to smiles or tears,
A host of joys I used to know loom
thru the mist of years;
Their memory scarcely smoldered, but
soon was burst to flame
When unto me the luxury of civil life
once came.

It happened in a city from Kearny's camp
not far,
Where people live—enjoy life—no care
or grief to mar.
I saw the city in its life and tasted once
again
The long-forgotten beverage forbidden
army men.

Life was no longer dreary, but one ka-
leidoscope
Of purple bliss instilling new-born tran-
scendent hope;
The clouds that hovered o'er my life gave
way to azure skies;
I lived as I had lived before in days
not long gone by.

That in the lap of luxury my lot could be,
to sit
Forever as I sat that night 'midst
laughter, joy and wit,
Regarding not the world itself with sullen
skies of gray,
Creating paradise alone—a paradise to
stay.

But sorrow follows happiness, therefore
the evening passed
And I awakened from my dreams of
joys too good to last.
The cold gray dawn was bound to come,
and cold it was, indeed,
For time waits not for any man, not
even slacks in speed.

I waited long and hoped in vain, but
chances they are few
To dabble in the sea of life and be a
soldier, too.
So settle down, ye army men, drift not on
higher planes,
But be content with Kearny's life, its
bitter griefs and pains.

We have a mission to perform, tho' sullen
it may seem;
Until it's finished don't allow your in-
ner soul to dream,
For dreaming is a costly art and discon-
tent ensues
When wakened from your slumber to
put on your army shoes.

But when we're thru with fighting, peace
will reign throughout the world,
And our last Retreat is sounded as Old
Glory is unfurled;
We'll start where we left off at and our
former rights we'll gain,
And drink a drink to Liberty on Second
South and Main.

Buckeroo Whitney.

THE BATTLE

Loudly was shouted the Gallant Third's boast:
They could beat in all contests the Valiant Fourth's host.
The challenge was flung and the old Fourth got sore,
And they girded their loins for a blood-thirsty war.

The pigskin was kicked till it squawked in despair
And a blood-curdling war cry was flung in the air.
The whistle was sounded, and the battle was on;
No quarter was given and no mercy shown.

Taylor, he charged like a wild maddened bull and Young Fergie Fergus got his belly full;
The prodigous Beattie was knocked on his chin
And Septimus Shepherd was kicked on the shin.

Shy Chauncey, he fought like a wolf from the wilds,
But baffled, was thrown by the fierce, fearless Childs;
Sergeant Richins and Kearns then went to the mat
And Emery soon found he was minus a slat.

Bloodsmeared but undaunted, Bold Kelly fought on
And ferocious Young Winters no peril did shun,
While Elwood's red head, like a beacon of fire,
Was too often quelched underfoot in the mire.

"'Tis a bloody affray," quoth Bald Dave
to O'Brien;
"'Tis the truth, as I live, I think some
will be dyin'."
And wise William Cope agreed in like
manner
That few would survive to follow war's
banner.

The score is a matter of little regard,
But duty compels me to add a brief word:
Bouncing Boy Bub went to sleep on the
field
And they carried him home on the back
of his shield.

When the fracas was ended a truce was
declared
And the wounds were patched up and the
honors all shared;
Then a banquet was given and harmony
reigned,
And pledges were made that peace be
maintained.

With speeches and song they buried the
axe.
And now I've recorded the absolute facts,
Where once hatred was, there is calm
friendship now,
And we use Slusser's favorite saying,
"Here's How!"

Corporal G. P. Child.

A VISION OF BATTERY E

Eugene Slusser, comrade of the boys in
Battery E,
Despoiled of his soldierly attire
And without the companionship of Tommy
Keans and Philo Childs,
Upon the fifth of August, '25, sat sadly
musing of those alive
Who had so gallantly stood the strife
Of German musket, bayonet and shell
And wondering that he alone of that vast
throng
Had been spared the attacks of the hosts
of hell;
And in the musin's o'er and o'er again
The thoughts of the comrades who had
been slain
Had been uppermost.
Then all of a sudden he heard the beat
Of the old snare drum and marching feet,
And saw a column of fours appear,
It seemed 'most ten miles from front to
rear,
O'er the hill and into the valley;
There at the head rode Sergeant Kelly,
With boots and spurs bright as a dollar,
And there were the cross-guns upon his
collar.
As those valiant troops came nearer and
nearer
The commands of its officers were clearer
and clearer,
And aside the dust he could plainly see
That the men in command were from
Battery E.
He rose to his feet and began to cheer
The valiant lads who knew no fear;
He moved his hat and sang aloud,
But the vision was vanishing to the cloud.

He stretched his hand to the rail running
near,
But just then a pain shot through his ear
And he realized with a touch of grief
That he was obeying the commander-in-
chief.

Corporal Blackhurst.

A MEAN MAN

'Tis the eve of Slusser's parting;
We all hate to see him go;
Our eyes are almost smarting
From the tears that are about to flow.

Leaving Battery E forever,
He is going far, far away,
And when he's gone we'll endeavor
To continue as happy and gay.

We know the doctor that twisted his drum
And made him deaf in one ear;
We know he's the dirtiest kind of a bum;
We speak so all can hear.

Tonight we are trying hard to forget
That tomorrow he gets his discharge.
We wish the Doc. was out on the range
When we're about to fire a barrage.

We're down at the train with dear old
'Gene,
We're all about to cry;
Every man uncovered his sorrowful bean
When he had to say good bye.

Private Emery.

(Wag. Slusser's ear was not jazzed up by army physicians.)

MULVEY, THE OLD TOP-SOAK

When the weary soul of the soldier is
roaming on dreamland's shore,
And Morpheus claims jurisdiction over the
god of war,
When army life is forgotten and memories
hold full sway—
Who tumbles your castles to debris and
summons the dawn of day?

When tired and foot-sore from drilling,
you go to the K. of C.
To wile but a few shorts hours, even as
you and me,
And you soothe your soul with the music
from the 160th band—
Who hunts you, confines you and gives
you the sting of the ruling hand?

When Major Christopherson's pleasant and
marks you from drill immune,
And you picture yourself for some bunk-
fatigue all morning and afternoon;
When you need a good rest from drilling,
which has sapped all your strength
and pep—
Who scours the camp to put you to work
in order to hold his rep?

It's Mulvey, Mulvey, Mulvey, the
old top-soak;
For the breaking of non-coms is
hobby,
And non-coms do hate to be broke.

But, fellows, concluding this ditty, I'll add
just a couple of lines
To top off the faults of Mulvey, for some-
where the sun still shines;

Just wait 'till we're all under fire and the
shells from the enemy burst
Close to the battery's position and the
wrath of hell's at its worst?

Who'll be with us in the thickest and
cheer us with, "Follow me?"
Who'll lead us to drive the Germans back
to eternity?
Who'll fight to the end with the best of
us and always be there for more,
And who will we follow thru hell, boys, to
knock on the Kaiser's door?

It's Mulvey, Mulvey, Mulvey, the
old top-soak;
For fighting is habit with Mulvey
In the face of the battle's smoke.

Corporal W. W. Whitney.

BUB, THE BUCK

As a poet I'm certainly not up to much,
So please don't think I am posing as such.
I am just a plain "buck"—buck private,
I mean;
To get any higher I never dare dream;
I know for a fact I am no General Strong,
As everything I do, I seem to do wrong;
I also admit I'm a sort of a crab;
I feel very sure such things get me in bad.
So the best thing to do is to quit crabbing,
I guess,
And maybe some day I'll be among the
best.
I say not a word about my hard luck,
Just stay on the job and let them pass me
the buck.

Private L. H. Young.

WE'VE DONE OUR HITCH

I'm sitting here thinking of those things I left behind,
And I hate to put on paper what is running thru my mind;
We've dug a million trenches, and cleaned ten miles of ground,
And a meaner place this side of "H—l, I know," is still unfound;
But still there's one consolation—gather closely while I tell:
When we die we're bound for Heaven, for we've done our hitch in h—l.

We've built a hundred kitchens for the cooks to stew our beans,
We've stood a hundred guard mounts, and cleaned the camp latrines;
We've washed a million mess kits, and peeled a million spuds;
We've rolled a million blanket rolls, and washed a million duds;
The number of parades we've made is certainly hard to tell,
But they'll not parade in Heaven, for they did their hitch in h—l.

We've killed a million rattlesnakes that tried to take our cots,
And shook a hundred centipedes from out our army socks;
We've marched a hundred thousand miles, and made a thousand camps,
And pulled a million cactus thorns from out our army pants;
And when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell:
When they died they went to Heaven, for they did their hitch in h—l.

When the final taps are sounded, and we
lay aside life's cares,
And we do the last parade up the shin-
ing stairs,
And the angels bid us welcome and the
harps begin to play,
We can draw a million canteen checks
and spend them in a day;
It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us
loudly with a yell:
Take a front seat, Utah Regiment—
you've done your hitch in h—l.

Unknown.

145th Field Artillery.
Camp Kearny, Linda Vista, Cal.

STORIES

We were gathered in a circle
In Sergeant Kelly's tent;
We had to gather somewhere,
Our monthly pay was spent.
A motley crowd, yet all had come
To pass the time away.
They're plotting 'gin the Government,
I heard a private say;
But no, the Irish Corporal,
The newest Wagoner
Were peddling out the rumors
And we all wished to hear.
"We're going in a week, boys,"
'Twas Hinckley had the dope;
Sarge Timpson asked him "Where—
Hawaii?" But Chick said "Nope;
The week from next we'll be
Going straight to Old Ft. Sill."
"Aw, shucks," said Cheerful Hebe,
And reached for his pipe to fill
With Tux that belonged to Sid,
"The Captain gave not us,
We couldn't have that luck."

Then Sidney raised a fuss
Because he bit his pipe;
We all took turns at telling
Our individual tale.
We had a time in quelling
A riot when all were through.
We went to American Lake,
To far-away Japan,
And had a chance to take
A trip to Yucatan—
It's hard to guess the stories
We would have heard by now,
If Sergeant Major Gorey
Had stayed away that night.
He got his turn at taps
And pulled the prize of all,
He tickled all the chaps;
His gag was this: "Now boys,
A note came in today
That orders our brigade
To Garfield far away;
They need three thousand there
To make the smelters pay."

Corporal H. Mays.

"AN ODE TO THE ARMY"

(Another Battery E Sergeant who proved worthy)

We sought for the Army and found it,
Thanks to those ambitious young youths
Who got us to join this blamed outfit,
Where we get nothing more than abuse.

I was a young Corporal when it started,
Who thought he was superior to one
And he was the tall President who parted
After the Civil war was won.

We're all in the Army for Liberty,
We're all in the damned thing for peace,
But the largest and most talked about question
Is when the great conflict will cease.

We go to the library, that's crowded,
Where the boys have rumors galore,
Where the boys come to shave and take showers,
Where some of them smoke and keep warm,
Where the perfume is not like the flowers
On the girls we fellows used to swarm.

We sought for the Army and found it,
But what I have told you 's not all;
It's the tantalizing, nerve-racking music
That comes with the bugler's first call.

We get well on the sweet road to dreamland,
Then all of the world seems to fall
When the bugler comes out with that blasting.
Oh God, how I hate that first call!

Lieutenant L. E. Evans.

A SOLDIER'S DAY

I hear the call of reveille,
I love to hear it summon me;
I love to get up early, too;
I do, I do—like hell I do.

Assembly is the next call blown;
Each man his whereabout is known;
And roll-calls are in order now.
Next comes the cheerful call for "chow."

The call for "chow" is joy to hear,
The boys all flock from far and near;
On hardwood benches now they sit,
And clean up breakfast every bit.

Now sick-call blows at seven-fifteen;
The sick, lame and lazy on each other lean.
To the hospital they go, and what a sight;
Iodine and pills are the "Sawbones" delight.

First call for drill is next in line,
And this we greet with wail and whine;
We all "right dress" at John's "fall in,"
From Beattie fat to Geoghan thin.

Recall, she is blow ver' soon,
She's only one-half hour 'fore noon;
Of all those call, I lak dis bes',
Mon Dieu! Unless she might be mess.

I hear the mournful call of taps;
The boys have finished shooting craps,
They've finished playing "jawbone," too,
With its U. O. me and I. O. U.

Now this is the end of a soldier's day,
From early dawn 'till he "hits the hay."

F. P. Jones.

TO THE SPECIAL DETAIL

Probably you hear of this often,
But I'm going to give you the facts;
They say how to work we've forgotten,
But the Special Detail does their tasks.

They say as how we are all loafers,
And no doubt some of them are,
But the average fellows are workers
And will be all through the war.

Just a few words to inform you,
For I'm sure just a few will do,
That the fellow who enters the Detail
Must "cut the buck" or "skiddoo."

One day we receive and send buzzer,
We get lots of drawing and sketching;
The next we do squads right and left,
And rifle drill, all we're desiring.

For awhile we tended the horses,
And of that we had our fill;
But all things take their courses,
So now that's not in our drill.

Our officers are always working,
The non-coms are diligent, too,
But the privates deserve all that's coming,
They do more than the average two.

Now I'm not the least bit radical—
Personally, the gun section for me—
But I'm sure you'll agree that they're
workers
And will wager they always will be.

Corporal Price Willey.

THE SOLDIER BOY

When it's Reveille in the morning and the sun is breaking through,
And the breakfast begins to glisten, like the good old home town stew,
I look across to Officers' Mess and it makes me kinda blue;
When it's morning in the camp, dear, my thoughts go back to you.

When the sun is up in Cal. and the sun is mighty hot,
And it's hard to drill and sluffing is easy to get you caught
I've got to grin and bear it, I've got to see it through;
To make the burden lighter, dear, my thoughts go back to you.

When the sun has passed the skyline and the afterglow is red
And the silver moon is shining on my weary sleepless head,
I'm feeling kinda lonely like—I know you're lonely, too;
When the sun has passed the skyline, dear, my thoughts go back to you.

When the aeroplanes stop flying and bombing No Man's land,
When the Germans stop their raiding far beyond our peaceful land,
And the Kaiser doffs his helmet to the old Red, White and Blue,
When it's calm in old France, dear, then I'll come back to you.

Sergeant Tommy Kearns.

THE "SMOKER"

(Written on the occasion of the Battery "Smoker," March 10, 1918.)

Boys, this gathering here tonight is more
than a jubilee;
Its meaning is strong, significance great
—a feeling of sadness to me.
We call it a smoker—it is one—a smoker
for fair—no joke,
And we'll try to forget our troubles in
the clouds of a good old smoke.

We'll try to forget we're soldiers—drift
back just a couple of years;
We'd be seated in large cushioned rock-
ers 'midst happiness, joys and
cheers;
We'd be singing and laughing, regardless
of life and its bitter trials,
And the lines of our solemn faces would
be changed and transformed to
smiles.

Then let it be this for the evening—just
picture yourself as above,
And make it an evening of gladness—
a taste of the life we love.
Forget that we're in the mess hall, a hard
wooden bench for a seat,
And picture yourself in a club room in
a chair and a stool for your feet.

Let Philo, the fearless, be spokesman,
dolled up in a dress suit affair,
And as he arises, a toast from his lips,
each man raise his glass in the air.
He'll call on us—use his own judgment,
let not a man protest—
But arise as you would at a banquet,
whatsoever he asks do your best.

With Philo, the fearless, as spokesman,
what else could we add to this?
For leave it to Philo, the fearless, and
pleasure will ne'er run amiss.
With this man's illustrious presence, com-
bined intellectual powers,
We'll cheer up the morbid and banish
the gloom to this great little ban-
quet of ours.

So much for the meaning, now let us
speak of significance great,
For this may prove the parting for some
of the boys to a sort of indefinite
fate.
The future that lies before us holds little
and counts for naught,
'Till the wages of war are all ended and
the end of our battles fought.

No one knows when we'll all be together,
no one knows when this time will
come,
Tho' we're hoping and praying it won't
be long, its bound to be long for
some.
We can't all return from this conflict so
we'd better right now join hands,
Leaving fate with our lots to juggle
while we're fighting in foreign
lands.

So here's to the Battery boys, until we
can all meet again,
When we've everyone done our duty
for the sake of the children of men,
And if some of us fail to answer when
our final retreat is blown,
We'll know they'll be ready to greet us
in the realms of the Great Un-
known.

Corporal W. W. Whitney,
Poet Laureate Battery E.

Songs

TO OUR ABSENT NON- COM

(Corporal Taylor was recovering from an operation in the Base Hospital at the time this was written.)

We paid our tribute to Slusser,
And most of our farewells done,
But there's a lad in the Hospital lying
Who's not sharing his comrade's fun.

He is one of the Battery's bright lights,
Was the first of our lot to enlist,
When the call of Columbia sounded
His fighting blood couldn't resist.

He's a man among men in the making,
A gunner of National fame,
A Non-Com. of the gallant third section,
More honor and power to his name.

Ray Taylor's the lad I refer to,
A friend and a soldier so true,
We wish you were with us to night, Corp.,
A speedy recovery to you.

Sergeant Thomas Kearns, Jr.

(This song was awarded second prize in the recent song contest.)

WHEN E BATTERY MARCHES HOME

(Tune—When Johnny Comes Marching Home).

When E Battery marched away to war—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Our sweethearts whom we all adore—
Hurrah! Hurrah!
They said goodbye
And then did cry
As they wiped a tear-drop from their eye
Oh, we'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.
We'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.
When E Battery goes across the sea
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To blaze a path to victory
Hurrah! Hurrah!
With shrapnell shell,
And gas as well,
We'll blow the Kaiser's troops to Hell,
And they'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.
They'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.
When E Battery marches home again
Hurrah! Hurrah!
You bet we'll never roam again
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To Salt Lake town,
We'll bring renown,
And we'll all get married and settled down
And we'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.
We'll all feel gay when E Battery marches home.

Gunner Bill O'Brien.

(This song was awarded third prize in our song writing contest.)

(Sung to the Tune of Tipperary)

When out in Dear Old Utah
Came the call for volunteers
They organized E Battery
And we signed up for six years,
We're going to get the Kaiser
And we'll get Von Hinden, too,
And to our Uncle Sammie
We'll always be true blue.

Chorus—

It takes a long time to get the Kaiser
Its a long way to go,
It takes a long time to get the Kaiser
The damndest man I know,
Cheer up poor old Belgium,
London and Pairee,
For we're coming over there to help you,
Fighting Battery E.

They sent us to Camp Kearny
They said it was to train,
We tramped around in all the dust
And worked in all the rain,
We mucked out to the gunpits
Where we learned to use the pick,
But in all the work and trouble
We were never known to kick.

Chorus—

Now listen, Dear Von Hinden
And take a little tip
You'd better tell old Kaiser Bill
To take a little trip,
For we are comeing over there,
The boys of Battery E,
And if we get ahold of him
He'll sleep beneath the sea.

Private Sam Baird.

I GOT MORE THAN MY SHARE

God gives the non-coms. their wisdom,
And he sends all skinners their dreams,
To each cannoneer and skinner to pray
for each other,
For they all get Hell so it seems,
The Buck Private knows he is forgotten,
And the non-coms. he sure rubs it in,
But, never you mind, for in airies you'll
find,
The Buck Private gets more than his
share.

By H. C. Hinckley.

(Honorable mention in song contest.)

(Tune—If You Saw What I Saw.)

If you see what we see
You'd join Battery E
And sign your name with ours to go to war,
We're jolly, but just the same,
We're willing to play the game,
And the fellows they have got the right idea.
If you see what we see
You'd join Battery E,
And fill a vacancy, they're going fast,
Rich man, poor man, beggars and others,
All together and all like brothers,
Oh you ought to get in with that bunch of ours.

(This song was awarded first prize in the song contest.)

(Tune—Drunk Last Night.)

Signed our names, couldn't do any more,
Left Salt Lake and we're bound for the war,
We all got together in Battery E,
And now we're training for democracy.

Chorus—
Glorious, glorious, our four-point sevens are notorious,
When the Kaiser hears there's but four of us
He'll thank his lucky stars there's not more of us.

Drill today, drill the day before,
Getting us into shape to go to war
Expect to leave most any day,
Awaiting orders to get in the fray.
Chorus—
Kaiser Bill is bound to see
Some cold steel from Battery E,
Trained on the guns and good at that,
We'll send a few bullets through the Kaiser's hat.

Chorus

When we return Old Glory unfurled,
Democracy and peace throughout the world,
We'll all get married and settled down,
Starting life anew in our old home town.
Chorus—

W. W. Whitney.

(Tune—Casey Jones)

Come all you soldiers if you want to hear
A story of a Captain that we have right here,
Albert Meyers is the Captain's name
In the regular army, boys, he won his fame.

The bugler called Meyers at five-forty-five,
He woke with a start to be sure he was alive,
To Lieutenant Young he sped with his orders in hand,
Said I'm going to take these bucks thro' the old German land.

The Captain said, "Just before we depart,"
There's one thing that surely 'd be the joy of my heart;
Lieutenant Young said, "What can it be,"
Captain answered, "Tommy Kearns and Kelly doing K. P.

Chorus—
Captain Meyers, he is stern as Teddy,
Captain Meyers he has set the pace,
Captain Meyers he is there and ready,
And so we're going to fight and win this German race.

Private George Fox.

(Honorable mention in song contest.)

(Tune—Battle Hymn of the Republic)

In Battery E you'll find a class of men
you cannot beat,
For we possess the kind of nerve that
never knows defeat,
No matter where war places us we never
will retreat,
Our Flag will lead us on.

Chorus—

Marching, marching on to victory,
Marching, marching on to victory,
Marching, marching on to victory,
Our Flag will lead us on.

We'll right the wrongs of Belgium and
we'll aid our sister, France,
With bursting shells and shrapnel balls
we'll make the Kaiser dance,
We'll down blood-lusty tyrants, give
democracy a chance,
Our Flag will lead us on.

Repeat Chorus—

Sergeant Richins.

(Honorable mention.)

(With apologies to Captain Meyers, Lieutenant Young, Sergeant Kearns and Sergeant Kelly.)

(Sung to the Tune of Mother)

M is for his Military Manner
E is for his Earnestness sincere,
Y is for the Years he served his country
E stands for his Early volunteer
R is for Battery E—his Reward,
S is best wishes for Success—
Our Captain's going to leave us for a while, boys,
Are we going to miss him? Yes, yes, yes.

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